

# Strange Histories OR,

Songs and Sonnets, of Kings  
Princes, Dukes, Lords, Ladies,  
Knights, and Gentlemen :

And of certaine Ladies that were Shepheards  
on Salisburie plaine.

Very pleasant either to be read or songe, and a most  
excellent Warning for all estates.

By *Thomas Delone,*

*Hand cura inuidiam.*



At London printed by R. B. for W. Barley.  
and are to be sold at his Shoppe ouer  
against Cree-church neere  
All-gate. 1612.

# Strange Philonies

Of

For and from the

which Duke of

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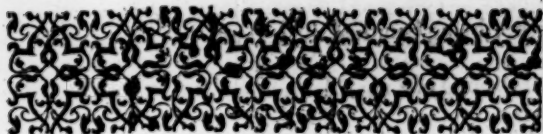
At London printed by R. F. & W. Barker

and

against

All





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A mournfull Dittie on the death  
of faire Rosamond, King Henrie the  
seconds Concubine.

To the tune of Flying Paine.

**V**Vhen as King Henrie rul'd this land,  
the second of that name,  
(Besides the Queene) he dearly lou'd  
a faire and princely Dame:  
Most pearelesse was her beautie found,  
Her fauour and her face:  
A sweeter creature in this world,  
did neuer Prince embrace.

Her crisped Lockes, like threedes of Gold,  
appear'd to each mans sight:  
Her comely Eyes like orient Pearles,  
did cast a heauenly light:  
The Bloud within her christall Cheekes,  
did such a collour drue,  
As though the Lilly and the Rose,  
for maistership did strue.

## Strange Histories : or.

Yea *Rosamond*, faire *Rosamond*,  
her name was called so.

To whom Dame *Elinor* our Queene,  
was knowne a cruell foe :

The King therefore for her defence,  
against the furious Queene,  
At *Woodstocke* buylded such a Bower,  
the like was neuer seene.

Most curiously that Bower was buylt,  
of Stone and Timber strong :

A hundered and fiftie Doores,  
did to that Bower belong :

And they so cunningly contri'd  
with turnning round about,  
That none but with a Clew of Threed,  
could enter in or out.

And for his Loue and Ladyes sake  
that was so faire and Bright,  
The keeping of this Bower he gaue  
vnto a valiant Knight.

But fortune that doth often frowne,  
where she before did smile,  
The Kings delight, the Ladyes ioy.  
full soone she did beguile.

For why, the Kinges vngracious sonne,  
whome he did high aduance,  
Against his Father rayfed warres,  
within the Realme of France :

But

## Songs and Sonnets.

But yet before our comely King  
the English land forsooke,  
Of *Rosamond* his Lady faire,  
his farewell thus he tooke.

My *Rosamond*, my onely Rose,  
that pleaseth best mine eye:  
The fairest Rose in all the world,  
to feed my fantacie:  
The Flower of my affected heart,  
whose sweetnesse doth excell  
My royall Rose a hundred times,  
I bid thee now farewell.

For I must leaue my fairest Flower,  
my sweetest Rose a space,  
And crosse the Seas to famous France,  
proud Rebels to abase:  
But yet my Rose be sure thou shalt  
my comming shortly see.  
And in my heart while hence I am,  
Ile beare my Rose with mee.

When *Rosamond*, that Lady bright,  
did heare the King say so,  
The sorrow of her greued heart,  
her outward lookes did shew  
And from her cleare and christal eyes,  
the teares gusht out apace,  
Which like the siluer pearled dew,  
ran downe her comely face.

Her

## Strange Histories: or:

Her lips like to a Corrall red,  
did wax both wan and pale,  
And for the sorrow she conceiv'd  
her vitall spirits did fayle,  
And falling downe all in a sound,  
before King *Henries* face,  
Full oft betweene his princely armes,  
her corpes he did imbrace.

And twenty times with waterie eyes,  
he kist her tender cheekes,  
Vntill she had receiued againe  
her senses milde and meeke.

Why grieues my Rose my sweetest Rose?  
(the King did euer say)

Because (quoth she) to bloudy warres  
my Lord must part away.

But sith your Grace in forraine coastes,  
among your foes vnkind,  
Must go to hazard life and limme,  
why should I stay behind?

Nay rather let me like a Page  
your Shield and Target beare,  
That on my breast that blow may light,  
which should annoy you there.

O let me in your royall Tent,  
prepare your Bed at night,  
And with sweete Bathes refresh your Grace,  
at your returne from fight,

So

## Songs and Sonnets.

So I your presence may enjoy,  
no toyle I must refuse;  
But wanting you my life is death,  
which doth true loue abuse.

Content thy selfe, my dearest friend,  
thy rest at home shall bee:  
In Englands sweete and pleasant soyle,  
for trauaile fits not thee.

Faire Ladies brooke not bloudy Warres,  
sweete Peace their pleasures breede,  
The nourisher of hearts content,  
which Fancie first doth feede.

My Rose shall rest in Woodstocke Bower,  
with Musickes sweete delight,  
While I among the piercing Pikes,  
against my foes do fight,  
My Rose in Robes and Pearle of Gold,  
with Diamonds richly dight,  
Shall daunce the Galiards of my loue,  
while I my foes do smite.

And you sir Thomas whom I trust,  
to beare my Loues defence,  
Be carefull of my gallant Rose,  
when I am parted hience:  
The Flowers of my affected heart,  
whose sweetenesse doth excell,  
My royall Rose a hundred times,  
I bid thee now farewell.

B

And

## Strange Histories. or:

And at their parting well they might,  
in heart be grieued sore,  
After that day faire *Rosamond*  
the King did see no more:  
For when his Grace did passe the seas  
and into France was gone,  
*Queene Elinor* with enuious heart,  
to Woodstocke came anone.

And fourth she cald this trustie Knight,  
which kept the curious Bower,  
Who with his Clew of twined Threed,  
came from that famous Flower.  
And whē that they had wounded him,  
the *Queene* his Threed did get,  
And went where Lady *Rosamond*  
was like an Angell set.

But when the *Queene* with stedfast eye,  
beheld her heauenly face,  
She was amazed in her minde,  
at her exceeding grace.  
Cast off from thee thy Robes (she said)  
that rich and costly bee,  
And drink thou vp this deadly draught  
which I haue brought for thee.

But presently vpon her knees,  
sweete *Rosamond* did fall,  
And pardon of the *Queene* she crau'd,  
for her offences all.

Take

## Songs and Sonnets :

Take pittie on my youthfull yeares,  
(faire Rofamond did cry)  
And let me not with Poyson strong,  
inforced be to dye.

I will renounce this sinfull life,  
And in a Cloyfter bide :  
Or else be banisht, if you please,  
to range the world so wide,  
And for the fault which I haue done,  
though I was forst thereto :  
Preferue my life and punnish me,  
as you thinke good to doe.

And with these words her lilly hands,  
shee wrong full often there :  
And downe along her louely cheekes, :  
proceeded many a teare.  
But nothing could this furious Queene,  
therewith appeased bee.  
The cup of deadly Poyson fild,  
as she sat on her knee.

Shee gaue the comely Dame to drinke,  
who tooke it in her hand  
And from her bended knee arose,  
and on her feete did stand :  
And casting vp her eyes to heauen,  
she did for mercie call,  
And drinking vp the Poyson then,  
her life she lost withall.

## Strange Histories. or:

And when that Death through euery lim,  
had done his greatest spight.  
Her chiefeft foes did plaine confesse,  
she was a glorious wight,  
Her body then they did intombe,  
when life was fled away,  
At Godstow, neere Oxford towne,  
as may be scene this day.

### FINIS.

*The valiant courage and policie of the Kentishmen with  
long tayles, whereby they kept their auicent Lawes and  
Customes which William the Conquerour sought to take  
from them.*

#### Cant. 2.

*To the tune of Rogero.*

**V**When as the Duke of Normandie,  
with glistring Speare and Shield,  
Had entred into faire England,  
and told his foes in fielde:  
On Christmas day, in soleme sort,  
then was he crowned heere,  
By Albert Archbishop of Yorke,  
with many a noble Peere,  
Which being done he changed quite,  
the custome of the land.  
And punisht such as dayly sought,  
his Statutes to withstand:  
And many Citties he subdude:  
faire London with the rest:

And



## Songs and Sonnets.

And Kent did still withstand his force,  
which did his Lawes detest.  
To Douer then he tooke his way,  
the Castle downe to sling,  
Which Aruiragus builded there,  
the noble Brittain King:  
Which when the braue Arch-bishop bold,  
of Canterburie, knew,  
The Abbot of S. Austinske,  
with all their gallant crew.  
They set themselves in Armour bright,  
these mischiefes to prevent  
With all the Yeomen braue and bold,  
that were in fruitfull Kent.  
At Canterburie they did meet,  
vpon a certaine day,  
With Sword and Speare, with Bill and Bow  
and stopt the Conquerors way.  
Let vs not liue like Bondmen poore,  
to Frenchmen in their pride:  
But keepe our auncient libertie,  
what chaunce so ere betide:  
And rather die in bloody fieldes,  
in manlike courage prest,  
Then to indure the seruile yoke,  
which we so much detest.  
Thus did the Kentish Commons cry,  
vnto their Leaders still:

## Strange Histories: or;

And so marcht forth in warlike sorte,  
and stood at Swanscombe hill.  
Where in the Woodes they hid themselves,  
vnder the shady greene:  
Thereby to get them vantage good,  
of all their foes vnseene.

And for the Conquerors comming there,  
they priuily layde waite  
And thereby sodainely appald  
his loftie high conceite:  
For when they spyed his approach,  
in place as they did stand,  
Then marched they to hemme him in,  
each one a Bough in hand,  
So that vnto the Conquerours sight,  
amazed as he stood.  
They seem'd to be a walking Groue,]  
or else a moouing Wood.  
The shape of men he could not see,  
the Boughes did hide them so:  
And now his heart with feare did quake,  
to see a Forest goe.

Before, behinde, and on each side,  
as he did cast his eye:  
He spide these Woodes with sober pace,  
approch to him full nye.  
But when the Kentishmen had thus  
inclosed the Conquerour round,

Most

## Songs and Sonnets.

Most sodainely they drew their swords,  
and threw their Boughs to grownd.

Their Banners they displaide in spight,  
their Trumpets found a charge :

Their ratling Drummes strike vp Alarume,  
their troopes stretch out at large

The Conquerour with all his traine,  
were hereat fore a gäst :

And most in perill, when he thought  
all perill had beene past.

Vnto the Kentishmen he sent,  
the cause to vnderstand.

For what intent, and for what cause,  
they tooke this Warre in hand?

To whom they made this short reply,  
for libertie we fight:

And to enioy K. Edwards Lawes,  
the which we hold our right.

Then sayd the dreadfull Conquerour,  
you shall haue what you will:

Your auncient Customes and your Lawes,  
so that you will be still:

And each thing else that you will craue,  
with reason. at my hand:

So you will but acknowledge mee,  
chiefe King of faire England.

The Kentishmen agreed hereon,  
and layd their Armes aside:

And

## Strange Histories : or.

'And by this meanes, King Edwards Lawes,  
in Kent, dorth still abide:  
And in no place in England else,  
those Customes doe remaine,  
Which they by manly pollicie,  
did of Duke William gaine.

FINIS.

*How King Henrie the first, had his Children dr ownd in  
the Sea, as they came out of France.*

Cant. 3.

*To the tune of the Ladyes daughter.*

**A**fter our royall King,  
had foyld his Foes in France,  
And spent the pleasant Spring,  
his Honour to aduance:  
Into faire England he return'd,  
with fame and victorie:  
What time the subiectes of this Land,  
receiu'd him joyfully.

But at his home returne,  
his children left he still  
In France, for to soiorne,  
to purchase learned skill.  
Duke William his brother deare,  
Lord Richard was his name,

Which

## Songs and Sonnets.

Which was the Earle of **Cheshen**,  
who thirsted after fame.

The Kings faire Daughter eke,  
the Lady Mary bright.

With diuers noble Peeres:  
and many a hardy Knight.

All those were left together there,  
in pleasure and delight.

When that our King to England came,  
after the bloody fight.

But when faire Flora had,  
drawne foorth her treasure dry,

That Winter cold and sad,  
with hoarie head drew ny.

Those Princes all with one consent,  
prepared all things meete,

To passe the seas for faire England,  
whose sight to them was sweete.

To England let vs hie,  
thus euery one did say,

For Christmas draweth nle,  
no longer let vs stay:

But spend the merry Christmas time,  
within our Fathers Court:

Where Lady Pleasure doth attend,  
with many a Princely sport.

To Sea those Princes went,  
fullfilled with mirth and ioy:

## Strange Histories, or:

But this their merriment,  
did turne to deare annoy:  
The Saylers and the Shipmen all,  
through foule excesse of Wine,  
Were so disguis'de that at the Sea,  
they shewd themselues like Swine.

The Sterne no man could guide,  
the Maister sleepeng lay:  
The Saylers all beside,  
went reeling euery way:  
So that the Ship at randome rode,  
vpon the foaming Flood:  
Whereby in perill of their liues,  
the Princes alwaies stood.

Which made distilling teares  
from their faire eyes to fall:  
Their hearts were fild with teares,  
no helpe they had at all:  
They with themselues vpon the land  
a thousand times, and more:  
And at the last they came in sight  
of Englands pleasant shore.

Then euery one began,  
to turne their sighes to smiles:  
Their colours pale and wan,  
a chearefull looke exiles:  
The Princly Lordes most louingly,  
their Ladyes did imbrace:

## Songs and Sonnets.

For now in England shall we be,  
(quoth they) in little space.

Take comfort now, they sayd,  
behold the Land at last;

Then be no more dismayde,  
the worst is gone and past.

But while they did this ioyfull hope,  
with comfort entertaine,

The goodly Ship vpon a Rocke,  
on sunder burst in twaine,

With that a greuous shreeke  
among them there was made,

And euery one did seeke  
on something to be stayde:

But all in vaine such helpe they sought,  
the Ship so soone did linke,

That in the Sea they were constrain'd,  
to take their latest drinke.

There might you see the Lords,  
and Ladies, for to lie,

Amidst the salt Sea foame,  
with many a grievous crie:

Still labouring for their liues defence,  
with stretched armes abroad

And lifting vp their little hands  
for helpe with one accord:

But as good Fortune would,  
the sweet young Duke did get.

## Strange Histories. Or:

Into the Cocke-boate then,  
where safely he did sit:  
But when he heard his Sister cry,  
the Ki nges faire Daughter deere,  
He turnd his Boat to take her in,  
whose death did draw so neere,  
But while he strove to take,  
his sweete young Sister in,  
The rest such shift did make,  
in sea as they did swimme,  
That to the Boat a number got,  
so many, as at last,  
The Boat and all that were therein,  
were drowned and ouercast.  
Of Lordes and Gentlemen,  
the Ladyes faire offace:  
Not one escaped then,  
which was a heauie case.  
Three-score and ten, were drown'd in all,  
and none escaped death,  
But one poore Butcher, which had sworne  
himsel fe quite out of breath.  
This was most heauie newes,  
vnto our comely King;  
Who did all Mirth refuse,  
this word when they did bring:  
For by this meanes no Child he had,  
his Kingdome to succeed,

Where



## Songs and Sonnets.

Whereby his sisters Sonne was King,  
as you shall plainly read.

*The Dutchesse of Suffolkes calamitie.*

Cant. 4.

*To the tune of Queene Dido.*

**W**hen God had taken (for our sinne)  
that prudent Prince King Edward away  
Then bloudy Bonner did begin  
his raging malice to be wray:  
All those that did the Gospell professe,  
He persecuted more or lesse.  
Thus when the Lord on vs did lower,  
many in Prison did he throw,  
Tormenting them in Lolards Tower,  
whereby they might the trueth forgoe.  
Then Granmer, Ridley, and the rest,  
Were burnt in fire, that Christ profest.  
Smithfield was then with Fagots fild,  
and many places more beside.  
At Couentrie was Sanders kild,  
at Gloucester eke good Hooper dide:  
And to escape this bloudy day,  
Beyond-seas many fled away.  
Among the rest that sought reliefe,  
and for their Fayth in danger stood,

C 3

Lady.

## Strange Histories: or:

Lady Elizabeth was chiefe,  
King Henries daughter of Royall bloud  
Which in the Tower prisoner did lie,  
Looking each day when she should die,  
The Dutches of Suffolke seeing this,  
( whose life likewise the Tyrant sought,  
Who in the hope of heauenly blisse,  
which in Gods word her comfort wrought,  
For feare of death, was faine to flie,  
And leaue her House most secretly.  
That for the loue of Christ alone,  
her Landes and Goods she left behind :  
Seeking still for precious Stone,  
the Word of trueth, so rare to finde :  
She with her Nurse, her Husband, and Child,  
In poore aray their sightes beguild.  
Thus through London they past along,  
each one did passe a feuerall streete.  
Thus all vnknowne, escaped wrong,  
at Billings gate they all did meete:  
Like pleople poore in Graue send Barge,  
They simply went with all their charge.  
And all along from Grauesend towne,  
with easie iournies on foote they went,  
Vnto the Sea-coast they came downe,  
to passe the Seas was their intent:  
And God provided so that day,  
That they tooke Ship and sayld away.

And

## Songs and Sonnets:

And with a prosperous gale of winde,  
in Flaunders safe they did ariue :  
This was to their great ease of minde,  
which from their heartes much woe did driue :  
And so ( with thanks to God on hie )  
They tooke their way to Germanie.  
Thus as they traucild thus disguisde,  
vpon the high way sodainely,  
By cruell Theeues they were surprisde,  
assaulting their poore company:  
And all their Treasure and their store,  
They tooke away, and beate them sore,  
The Nurse in midst of their sight,  
laid downe the childe vpon the ground,  
And ran away out of their sight,  
and neuer after that was found.  
Then did the Dutches make great mone:  
With her good Husband all alone.  
The Theeues had there their horses kild,  
and all their mony quite had tooke :  
The prettie Babie almost spild,  
was by their Nurse likewise forsooke :  
And they far from their friends did stand,  
All succourlesse in a straunge Land.  
The Skies likewise began to schoule,  
it hayld and rained in pitteous sort?  
The way was long, and wondrous foule:  
then may I now full well report.

Their

## Strange Histories : or.

Their griefe and sorrow was not small,  
When this vnhappy chance did fall.

Sometime the Dutchesse bore the child,  
as wet as euer she could be:

And when the Lady kind and mild  
was wearie, then the Child bore he:

And thus they one another eas'd,  
And with their fortunes were well pleas'd.

And after many weary steppes,  
all wet-shod both in durt and myre,

After much griefe, their harts yet leapes,  
for labour doth some rest require:

A Towne before them they did see,  
But lodg'd therein they could not bee.

From house to house they both did goe,  
seeking where they that night might lie.

But want of Mony was their woe,  
and still the Babe with cold did cry,

With cap and knee they courtsie make,  
But none on them would pittie take,

Loe heere a Princeesse of great bloud  
did pray a Peasant for reliefe,

With teares bedew'd as she stood,  
yet few or none regards her griefe

Her speach they could not vnderstand,  
But gaue her a penny in her hand,

When all in vaine the paines was spent,  
and that they could not house-rome get,

Into

## Songs and Sonnets.

Into a Church-porch then they went,  
to stand out of the raine and wet.  
Then said the Dutchesse to her deere,  
Oh that we had some fire heere.  
Then did her Husband so prouide,  
that fire and coales he got with speed:  
She sat downe by the fiers side,  
to dresse her Daughter that had need:  
And while she drest it in her lap,  
Her Husband made the Infant Pap,  
A non the Sexton thither came,  
and finding them there by the fire,  
The drunken Knaue all voyd of shame,  
to driue them out was his desire:  
And spurning foorth this noble Dame,  
Her Husbands wrath it did inflame.  
And all in furie as he stood,  
he wrong the Keyes out of his hand,  
And stroke him so, that all of bloud  
his head ran downe where he did stand:  
Therefore the Sexton presently,  
For helpe and ayde aloude did cry.  
Then came the Officers in haste,  
and tooke the Dutchesse and her Childe,  
And with her Husband thus they past,  
like Lambes beset with Tygers wilde:  
And to the Gouvernour were they brought,  
who vnderstood them not in ought.

D

Then

## Strange Histories. or:

Then Maister Bartue braue and bold,  
in Latine made a gallant speech,  
Which all their miserie did vnfold,  
and their high fauour did beseech :  
With that a Doctor sitting by,  
Did know the Dutchesse presently.

And thereupon arising straight,  
with minde abashed at this sight,  
Vnto them all that there did waight,  
he thus brake foorth in wordes aright  
Behold within your sight (quoth hee)  
A Princeesse of most high degree.

With that, the Gouvernour and the rest,  
were all amaz'd the same to heare :  
And welcomm'd their new-come Gueste,  
with reuerence great, and princely cheare:  
And afterward conueyd they were  
Vnto their friend, Prince Cassemcer.

A Sonne she had in Germanie,  
Peregrine Bartue cal'd by name:  
Surnam'd the good Lord Willughbie,  
of courage great and worthie fame:  
Her Daughter young, which with her went,  
Was afterward Countesse of Kent.

For when Queene Mary was deceast,  
the Dutchesse home return'd againe:  
Who was of sorrow quite releast  
by Queene Elizabeths happy raigne

For

## Songs and Sonnets.

For whose life and prosperitie:  
We may prayse God continually.

FINIS.

*How King Henrie the second crowning his Sonne King of  
England in his owne life time, and was by him  
most grievously vexed with warres.*

Cant 5.

*To the tune of Wigmore's Galliard.*

**Y**OU Parents whose affection fond,  
vnto your Children doth appeare:  
Marke well the storie now in hand,  
wherein you shall great matters heare,  
And learne by this which shall be told,  
to hold your Children still in awe,  
Least otherwise they prooue too bold,  
and set not by your state a strawe.

King Henrie, second of that name,  
for very loue that he did beare  
Vnto his Sonne, whose courteous fame  
did through the Land his credite reare:  
Did call the Prince vpon a day,  
vnto the Court in royall sort:  
Attired in most rich array,  
and there he made him Princely sport,

D 2.

And

Strange Histories. or:

And afterward he tooke in hand,  
for feare he should deceiued be,  
To crowne him King of faire England,  
while life possesse his Maiestie.  
What time, the King in humble sort,  
like to a subiect waighted then  
Vpon his Sonne, and by report  
swore vnto him, his noble men.

And by this meanes in England now  
two Kinges at once together liue:  
But Lordly rule will not allow  
in partnership their dayes to driue.

The Sonne therefore ambitiously,  
doth seeke to pull his Father downe,  
By bloody warre and subtiltie,  
to take from him his Princely Crowne.

Sith I am King (thus did he say)  
why should I not both rule and raigne  
My heart disdaines for to obey,  
yea all or nothing, will I gaine.

Hereon he rayseth Armies great,  
and drawes a number to his part:  
His Fathers force downe right to beate,  
and with his Speare to pierce his heart.

In seauen set Battles did he fight  
against his louing Father deare:  
To ouerthrow him in despight  
to win himselfe a Kingdome cleare:

But



## Songs and Sonnets.

But nought at all could he preuaile,  
his Armies alwayes had the worst:  
Such griefe did then his heart affaile,  
he thought himselfe of God accurst:

And therefore falling wondrous sicke,  
he humbly to his Father sent:  
The worme of Conscience did him pricke,  
and his vile deedes he did lament:

Requiring that his noble Grace,  
would now forgiue all that was past:  
And come to him, in heauie case,  
being at poynt to breath his last:

When this word came vnto our King,  
the newes did make him wondrous woe  
And vnto him he sent his Ring,  
where he in parson would not goe.

Commend me to my Sonne, he sayd,  
so sicke in bed as he doth lie:  
And tell him, I am well appaide,  
to heare he doth for mercie crie.

The Lord forgiue his foule offence,  
and I forgiue them all, quoth he,  
His euill, with good, he recompence,  
beare him this message now from me:

When that the Prince did see the Ring  
he kissed it in ioyfull wise,  
And for his faultes his hands did wring  
while bitter teares gush from his eyes

## Strange Histories: or.

'And to his Lords that stood him nie,  
with feeble voyce then did he call,  
Desiring them immediatly  
to strip him from his garments all:  
Take off from me these Robes forrich,  
and lap me in a cloth of Haire:  
Quoth he, my grievous sinnes are such,  
Hell fiers flame I greatly feare.

A Hempton Halter then he rooke,  
about his necke he put the same:  
And with a grievous pittious looke,  
this speech vnto them he did frame,  
You reuerend Bishops more and lesse,  
pray for my Soule to God on hie:  
For like a Thiefe (I doe confesse)  
I haue deserued for to die.

And therefore by this Halter heere,  
I yeeld my selfe vnto you all:  
A wretch vnworthy to appeare  
before my God Celestiall:  
Wherefore within your Hempton Bed,  
all strew'd with alhes as it is,  
Let me be lay'd when I am dead,  
and draw me there vnto by this.

Yea by this Halter strong and tough,  
dragge forth my carkas to the same:  
Yet is that Couche not bad enough  
for my vile body wrapt in shame:

And

## Songs and Sonnets:

And when you see me lye along,  
be powdered in ashes there,  
Say there is he that did such wrong  
vnto his Father euery where.

And with that word, he breath'd his last  
wherefore according to his minde,  
They drew him by the necke full fast,  
vnto the place by him assign'd:  
And afterward in solemne sort,  
at Roan in Fraunce buried was he,  
Where many Princes did resort,  
to his most Royall obsequie.

FINIS.

*The imprisonment of Queen: Elinor, wife to King Henrie  
the second, by whose meanes the King Sonnes so vnna-  
turally rebelled against their Father, & of her lamentati-  
on, being xvi. yeares in Prison, whom hir Sonne Richard  
when he came to be King, released: and how at her de-  
liverance she caused many Prisoners to be set at libertie.*

Cant. 6.

*To the tune of Come lue with me, &c.*

**T**Hrice woe is me vnhappy Queene,  
thus to offend my princely Lord:

My

## Strange Histories : or.

My foule offence to plaine is seene,  
and of good People most abhord :  
I doe confesse my fault it was,  
These bloody Warres came thus to passe,

My iealous minde hath wrought my woe,  
let all good Ladies shun mistrust :  
My ennie wrought my ouerthrow,  
and by my mallice most vnjust,  
My Sonnes did seeke their Fathers life,  
By bloody Warres and cruell strife.

What more vnkindnesse could be showne,  
to any Prince of high renowne,  
Then by his Queene and loue alone,  
to stand in danger of his Crowne :  
For this offence most worthily,  
In dolefull Prison doe I lie.

But that which most tormentes my mind,  
and makes my grievous heart complaine  
Is for to thinke that most vnkind,  
I brought my selfe in such disdaine,  
That now the King cannot abide  
I should be lodged by his side,

In dolefull Prison I am cast,  
debarred of Princely companie:  
The Kings good will quite haue I lost,  
and purchast nought but infamie :  
And neuer must I see him more,  
Whose absence grieues my heart full sore.

## Songs and Sonnets

Full fifteene Winters haue I beene,  
imprisoned in the Dungeon deepe,  
Whereby my ioyes are wasted cleane,  
where my poore eyes haue learn'd to weepe,  
And neuer since I could attaine,  
His Kingly loue to me againe.  
Too much in deed (I must confesse)  
I did abuse his royall Grace,  
And by my great malitiousnesse,  
his wrong I wrought in euey place:  
And thus his loue I turn'd to hate,  
Which I repent, but all too late.

Sweete Rosamond that was so faire,  
out of her curious Bower I brought,  
A poysoned Cup I gaue her there,  
whereby her death was quickly wrought,  
The which I did with all despight,  
Because she was the Kings delight,

Thus often did the Queene lament  
and she in prison long did lie,  
Her former deedes she did repent,  
with many a watery weeping eye:  
But at the last this newes was spread,  
the King was on a sodaine dead.

But when she heard this tydinges told,  
most bitterly she mourned then:  
Her wofull heart she did vnfold,  
in light of many Noble men.

E

And

## Strange Histories. or:

And her sonne Richard being King,  
from dolefull Prison did her bring.

Who set her for to rule the Land,  
while to Ierusalem he went:

And while she had this charge in hand,  
her care was great in gouernment:

And many a Prisoner then in hold,  
she set at large from yrons cold.

*The lamentable death of king Iohn, how he was poysoned in  
the Abby of Swinestcd, by a Friar.*

Cant: 7.

*To the tune of Fortune.*

**A** Trecherous deed foorth-with I shall you tell,  
Which on King Iohn on a sodaine fell:  
To Lincoln-shire proceeding on his way,  
At Swinsted Abbey one whole night he lay.

There did the King appose his wellcome good,  
But much deceipt lies vnder an Abbots Hood.  
There did the King himselfe in safety thinke,  
But there the King receiued his latest drinke.

Great cheare they made vnto his royall Grace,  
While he remaind a guest within that place:  
But while they smilde and laughed in his sight,  
They wrought great treason shadowed with delight.

A.

## Songs and Sonnets.

A flat fact Monke comes with a glosing tale,  
To giue the King a Cup of spiced Ale  
A deadlier drought was neuer offered man:  
Yet this false Monke vnto the King began.

Which when the King (without mistrust) did see,  
He tooke the Cup of him most couragiously:  
But while he held the poysoned cupe in hand,  
Our Noble King amazed much did stand.

For casting downe by chance his Princely eyes,  
On pretious Jewels which he had full nye:  
He saw the culloure of each Pretious stone,  
Most strangely turne, and alter one by one.

Their orient brightnesse, to a pale dead hue,  
Were changed quite, the cause no person knew:  
And such a sweate did ouer spread them all,  
And stood like dew which on faire flowers fall.

And hereby was their pretious natures tride,  
For Pretious-stones foule poyson cannot bide,  
But through our King beheld their colour pale,  
Mistrusted not the poyson in the Ale.

For why, the Monke the taste before him tooke,  
(Nor knew the King how ill he did it brooke.)  
And therefore he a narty draught did take,  
Which of his life a quicke dispatch did make.

Th'infectious drinke sumde vp into his head,  
And thought the Veines in the heart it spread:  
Distempering the pure vnspotted braine,

## Strange Histories. or

That doth in man his memorie maintaine.

Then felt the King an extreame grieſe to grow;  
Through all his intrails, being infeſted ſo:  
Whereby he knew through anguiſh which he felt  
The Monke with him moſt traiterouſly had delt.

The grones he gaue did make all men to wonder.  
He caſt as if his heart would burſt in ſunder:  
And ſtill he cald, while he thereon did thinke,  
For the falſe Monke which brought þe deadly drinke.

And then his Lords went ſearching round about,  
In euery place to find the Traytor out:  
At length they found him dead as any ſtone,  
Within a corner lying all alone.

For hauing taſted of that poyſoned Cup,  
Whereof our King the reſidue drunke vp:  
The enuious Monke himſelfe to death did bring,  
That he thereby might kill our royall King,

But when the King with (wonder) heard them tell,  
The Monkes body did with poyſon ſwell:  
Why then my Lords, full quickly now (quoth he)  
A breatheſſe King you ſhall among you ſee.

Behold he ſaid, My Vaines in peeces cracke:  
A grieuous torment feele I in my backe:  
And by this poyſon deadly and accuſt;  
I feele my heart ſtringes ready for to burſt.

With that his eyes did turne within his head:  
A pale dead colour through his face did ſpread:

And



## Songs and Sonnets.

And lying gasping with a colde faint breath,  
The royall King was ouercome by death.

His mournfull Lords wich stood about him then,  
With all their force and troupes of warlike men;  
To Worcester the Corpes they did conuey:  
With drum and trumper marching all the way.

And in the faire Cathedrall Chuch I finde,  
They buried him according to their minde:  
Most pompeously best fitting for a King,  
Who were applauded greatly for this thing.

*The cruell imprisonment of King Edward the second,  
at the Castle of Barkeley the 22. of  
September. 1327.*

Cant. 8.

*To the tune of, Labandela shot.*

**W**Hen Isabell faire Englands Queene  
in wofull warres had victorious beene:  
Our comely King, her husband deare,  
subdued by strength as did appeare,  
By her was sent to prison strong,  
for hauing done his cuntry wrong,  
In Barkeley Castle cast was he,  
denyed of Royall dignitie:  
Where he was kept in wofull wise,

E. 3,

There.

## Strange Histories: 67.

his Queene did him so much despise.

There did he liue in vvorfull state,  
Such is a Womans deadly hate;  
vvhhen fickle fancie follovvcs change,  
and lustfull thoughts delight to range,  
Lord Mortimer was so in minde,  
the Kinges sweeteloue was left behinde:  
And none vvas knovvne a greater foe,  
vnto King Edvvard in his woe,  
Then Isabell his crowned Queene,  
as by the sequell shall be scene.

While he in Prison poorely lay,  
a Parliament was held straight way:  
What time his foes apeace did bring  
billes of couplaint against the King,  
So that the Nobles of the Land,  
vvhhen they the matter throughtly scand,  
Pronounced them these speeches plaine,  
he was vnworthy for to raigne,  
Therefore they made a flat decree  
he should forthwith desposed be.

And his Sonne Edward young of yeares  
was iudged by the noble Peeres  
Most meete to weare the Princely Crowne,  
his Father being thus puld downe.  
Which words when as the Queene did heare,  
(dissemblingly, as did appeare)  
She wept, she waild, and wrong her hauds,

before

## Songs and Sonnets.

before the Lords whereas she stands,  
Which when the Prince her Sonne did see,  
he spake these words most curteously.

My Iweete Queena Mother weepe not so,  
thinke not your Sonne will seeke your woe:  
Though English Lords choose me their King,  
my owne deare Father yet liuing:  
Thinke northereto I will consent,  
except my father be content,  
And with good will his Crowne resigne  
and graunt it freely to be mine:  
Wherefore Queene mother thinks no ill  
in mee, or them, for their good will.

Then diuers Lordes without delay,  
went to the King whereas he lay,  
Declaring how the matter stood,  
and how the Peeres did thinke it good  
To choose his Sonne, their King to be,  
if that he would thereto agree:  
For to resigne the Princely Crowne,  
and all the title of renowne:  
If otherwise, they told him plaine,  
a stranger should the same attaine.

This dolefull tidinges (most vnkind)  
did sore afflict King Edvards minde,  
But vwhen he saw no remedie,  
he did vnto their vvilles agree:  
And bitterly he did lament,

saying,

## Strange Histories: or.

saying the Lord this Plague hath sent,  
For his offence and vanitie,

which he would suffer patiently:  
Beseeching all the Lords, at last,  
for to forgive him all was past,

When thus he was deprived quite,  
of that which was his lawfull right  
In Prison was he kept full close,  
without all pittie or remorse:

And those that shewd him fauour still,  
were taken from him with ill will  
Which when the Earle of Kent did heare,  
who was in blood to him full neere,  
He did intreat most earnestly  
for his release and libertie.

His wordes did much the Queene displease,  
who sayd he liu'd too much at ease,  
Vnto the Bishop she did goe,  
of Hereford, his deadly foe,  
And cruell Letters made him write  
vnto his Keepers with despight,  
You are too kind to him quoth she.  
hence forth more straighter looke you be:  
And in their wrighting subtrilly,  
they sent them word that he should die.

The Lord Matreuers all dismayd,  
vnto sir Thomas Gurney said,  
The Queene is much displeas'd quoth hee,

for

## Songs and Sonnets:

for Edwards too much liberty:  
And by her Letters doth bewray,  
that soone heft all be made away.  
Tis best (Sir Thomas then replide)  
the Queenes wish should not be denide:  
whereby we shall haue her good will,  
and keepe our selues in credite still.

*How the King was poysoned, and yet hee escaped: and afterward how when they saw thereby he was not dispatched of life, they locked him in a most noysome filthy place, that with the stincke thereof he might be choked: and when that prouailed not, how they thrust a hotte burning Spitte into his Fundament till they had burnt his Bowels within his Body, whereof he dyed.*

Cant. 9.

To the tune of, How can the Tree.

**T**HE Kings curst Keepers ayming at reward,  
hoping for fauour of the furiously Queene,  
On wretched Edward had they no regard.  
far from their hearts was mercy moued cleene,  
Wherefore they mingle Poyson with his meate,  
which made the man most fearefull for to eate.  
For by the stare he often times suspected,  
the venome couched in a daintie dish:  
Yet his faire Body was full sore infected,  
so ill they spiced both his Flesh and Fish,  
But his strong nature all their craft beguiles,

F

the

Strange Histories. or:

the Poyson breaking forth in Blaines and Biles.

An vgly scabbe ore-spreads his lilly skinne,  
foule Botches breake vpon his manly face,  
Thus sore without, and sorrowfull within,  
the dispis'd man doth liue in wofull case,  
Like to a Lazer did he then abide,  
that shewes his sores a long the high waies side.

But when this practise proou'd not to their minde  
and that they saw he liu'd in their despight:  
An other damnd, deuice then did they finde,  
by stinking fauours for to choake him quite:  
In an odde corner did they locke him fast,  
hard by the which, their Carrion they did cast.

The stinck whereof might be compar'd wel-nie,  
to that foule Lake where cursed Sodome stood,  
That poysoned Birdes which ouer it did flie,  
euen by the fauour of that filthy mudde:  
Euen so the smell of that corrupted Den,  
was able for to choake ten thousand men.

But all in vaine, it would not doe (God wot)  
his good complexion still droue out the same:  
Like to the boyling of a seething Por,  
that castes the scumme into the fiery flame,  
Thus still he liu'd, and liuing still they sought,

his

## Songs and Sonnets.

his death, whose downfall was already wrought.  
Lothing his life, at last his Keepers came,  
into his Chamber in the dead of night,  
And without noyse, they entred soone the same,  
with weapons drawne, & torches burning bright,  
Where the poore prisoner fast a sleepe in bed,  
lay on his belly, nothing vnder's head.

The which aduantage, when the murderers saw,  
a heaue Table on him they did throw,  
Wherewith awakt his breath he scant could drawe  
with vvaight thereof they kept him vnder so,  
And turning vp the cloathes aboue his hips,  
to hold his legges a couple quickly skips.

Then came the Murtherers one a horne had got,  
which far into his fundament downe he thrust,  
An other with a Spit all burning hot,  
the same quite through the horne he strongly pusht  
Among his intrailles in most cruell wise,  
forcing heereby most lamentable cryes.

And vvhile vvithin his body they did keepe,  
the burning spit still rowling vp and downe,  
Most mournetull the murdered man did vveepe,  
vvhose vvailefull noyse vvakt many in the towne  
Who gessing by his cries, his death drevv heere,  
tooke great compassion on the noble peere,  
And at vvhich bitter screeke vvhich did make,

## Strange Histories. or:

they praid to God for to receiue his soule :  
His ghastly grones inforst their hearts to ake,  
yet none durst goe cause the Bell to rowle,  
Ha mee poore man, alacke, alacke he cryed,  
and long it was before the time he dyed.  
Strong was his heart, and long it was God knowes,  
ere it would stoope vnto the stroke of Death :  
First was it wounded with a thousand woes,  
before he did resigne his vitall breath :  
And beeing mured thus as you do heare,  
no outward hurt vpon him did appeare,  
This cruell murder being brought to passe  
the Lord Matreuers to the court did hie:  
To shew the Queene her will performed was.  
great recompence he thought to get thereby,  
But when the Queene the sequell vnderstands,  
dissembling she weepes and wrings her hands,  
Accursed traytor, hast thou slaine (quoth she)  
my noble wedded Lord in such a sort,  
Shame and confu sion euer light on thee,  
oh how I greeue to heere this vile report :  
Hence cursed cative from my sight (she said)  
that hath of me a wofull widdow made.  
Then all a balbt, Matreuers goes his way,  
the saddest man that euer life did beare:  
And to Sir Thomas Gurney did bewray,  
What bitter speech the Queene did giue him there  
Then did the Queene outlaw them both together,  
and



## Songs and Sonnets.

and banisht them faire Englands bounds for euer.

Thus the dissembling Queene did seeke to hide,  
the heynous act by her owne meanes effected:  
The knowledge of the deed she still denide,  
that she of murder might not be suspected:  
But yet for all the subtilty she wrought.  
the trueth vnto the world was after brought.

### FINIS.

*The dolefull lamentation of the Lord Marescuers,  
and Sir Thomas Gurney, being  
banished the realme.*

#### Cant 9.

*To the tune of Light of love.*

**A** Las that euer that day we did see,  
that false smiling fortune so sick should be,  
Our miseries are many, our woes without end:  
to purchase vs fauour we both did offend:  
Our deedes haue deserued both sorrow and shame,  
but was worth the persons procured the same,  
Alacke, and alacke, with griefe may vve cry,  
that euer vve forced King Edvvard to dye.  
The Bishop of Hereford, ill may he fare,  
he vvrot vs a letter rare  
To Kill princely Edvvard: feare not it is good;  
thus much by his letter vve then vnderstood,

## Strange Histories: or.

But curst be the time that we tooke it in hand,  
to follow such counsell and wicked commaund,  
Alacke and alacke, with griefe we may crye,  
that euer we forced King Edward to dye,

Forgiue vs Sweete Sauour that damnable deed,  
which causeth with sorrow our harts for to bleed  
And take compassion vpon our distresse,  
put farre from thy presence our great wickednes  
With teares all bedewed for mercy we cry,  
and do not the penitent mercy deny.  
Alacke, and alacke, with griefe we may say,  
that euer we made King Edward away.

For this haue we lost our goods and our land,  
our Castles and Towers so stately that stand:  
Our Ladies and babies are turn'd out of doore,  
like comfortlesse caitiues both naked and poore,  
Both friendlesse and fatherlesse, do they complaine,  
for gone are their comforts that should them main-  
Alacke, and alacke and alas may we cry, (taine  
that euer we forced King Edward to dye.

& while they go wringing their hands vp & downe:  
in seeking for succour from towne to towne  
All wrapped in wretchednesse do we remaine,  
tormented, perplexed in dolour and paine,  
Despised, disdained and banished quite,  
the coaste of our country so sweete to our sight,  
Alacke, and alacke alas may we cry,  
that euer we forced King Edward to die.

Then

## Songs and Sonnets:

the farevvell faire England vvherein vve vvere borne  
our friends & our kindred vvill hold vs in scorne,  
Our honours and dignities quite haue vve lost,  
both profit and pleasure, our fortune hath crost,  
Our parkes and our chales our manſions ſo faire  
our Iems and our Ievxels moſt precious and rare,  
Alacke, and alacke, and alas may vve cry,  
that euer vve forced King Edvvard to die.

Then farevvell deere Ladyes and moſt louing vviues  
might vve mend your miſeries vvith loſſe of our liues.  
Then our ſilly children vvhiſh begs at your hand  
in grieve and calamities long ſhould not ſtand:  
Nor yet in their Country deſpiſed ſhould bee,  
that lately was honored of euery degree,  
Alacke, and alacke, and alas we may crie,  
that euer we forced King Edward to die.

In Countries vnknowne we range too and fro,  
cloying mens cares vvith report of our vvoe.  
Our food is vvild berries, greene banks are our beds,  
the Trees ſerue for houſes to couer our heads,  
Broune bread to our taſt is dainty and ſweete,  
our Drinke is cold vvater tooke vp at our ſeete:  
Alacke, and alacke, and alas vve may crie,  
that euer vve forced King Edvvard to die.

Thus hauing long vvandred in hunger and cold,  
deſpiſing liues ſafety moſt deſperate and bould:  
Sir T. Gurney tovvard England doth goe,  
for loue of his Lady diſtreſſed vvith vvoe,

Saying

## Strange Histories: &c.

Saying how happy and blessed were I,  
to see my sweet Children and wife ere I die:  
Alacke, and alacke and alas we may cry,  
that euer we forced King Edward to die.

But three yeares after his wofull exile, (guile  
behold how false fortune his thoughts doth be-  
Comming toward England, was tooke by the way  
and least that he should the chiefe murderers bewray  
Commaundement was sent by one called Lea.  
he should be beheaded forthwith on the Sea,  
Alacke, and alacke, and alas did he crie,  
that euer we forced King Edward to die,

Thus was Sir Thomas dispatched of life,  
in comming to visit his sorrowfull wife:  
Who was cut off from his wished desire,  
which he in his heart so much did require:  
And neuer his Lady againe did he see,  
nor his poore children in their misery,  
Alacke, and alacke, and alas did he cry,  
that euer we forced King Edward to dye.

The Lord Matreuers (the Story doth tell)  
in Germany after long time did he dyvell,  
In secret manner for feare to be scene,  
by any persons that fauoured the Queene  
And there at last in great misery,  
he ended his life most penitently,  
Alacke, and alacke, and alas did he say,  
that euer we made King Edward away.

FINIS.

# The second part of Strange Histories, or Songs and Sonnets.

*A new Song of King Eegar of England, how he was deprived  
of a Lady which he Loued by a Knight  
of his Court.*

Cant 10.

*To be sung in the old ancient sort : or else to the tune  
of Labandala shot.*

**V**Hen as King Edgar did gouerne this land,  
a downe, downe, downe, downe downe,  
And in the strength of his yeares did stand,  
call him a downe a.

Much praise was spread of a gallant Dame,  
which did through England carry fame,  
And she is a Lady of high degree,  
the Earle of Deuonshires daughter was she.

The King which lately had buried the Queene,  
and that long time had a widdower beene,  
Hearing the praise of that gallant maide,  
vpon her beauty his loue he laid,  
And in his sighes he would often say,  
I will go send for that Lady gay,  
Yea I will send for that Lady bright,

G

which

Strange Histories. or:  
which is my treasure and hearts delight.

Whose beauty like Phoebus beames  
doth glister through all christian realmes  
Then to himselfe he would reply,  
and say how lond a Prince am I,  
To cast my loue so base and low:  
and on a Girle I do not know:  
King Edgar will his fancy frame,  
to loue some princely pearelesse dame.

The Daughter of some royall King.  
that may a worthy Dowry bring:  
Whose matchlesse beauty brought in place  
may Estrelde colour quite disgrace.  
But fencelesse man what doe I meane,  
vnto a broken Reede to leane,  
And what fond fury doth me mooue,  
thus to abase my dearest loue.

Whose visage grac'd with heauenly hue,  
doth Helens honour quite subdue:  
The glory of her beauties pride,  
sweete Estrelde fauour doth deride:  
Then pardon my vnseemely speech,  
deere loue and Lady I beseech.  
And I my thoughts henceforth will frame  
to spread the honour of thy name.

Then vnto him he called a Knight,  
which was most trusty in his sight:  
And vnto him thus did he say,

## Songs and Sonnets.

to Earle Orgarus goe thy way:  
And aske for Estrild comely dame  
whose beauty runnes so farre by fame:  
And if thou finde her comely grace,  
as fame hath spread in euery place.  
Then tell her father she shall be,  
my crowned Queene if she agree:  
The Knight in message did proceede,  
and into Deuonshire went with speede,  
But when he saw the Lady bright,  
he was so rauished at her sight:  
That nothing could his passions mooue,  
except he might obtaine her loue.  
And day and night while he there staid,  
he courted still that gallant maide,  
And in his suite did shew his skill,  
that at the length wonne her good will,  
Forgetting quite the duty tho,  
which he vnto the King did owe:  
Then comming home vnto his grace,  
he told him with dissembling face,  
That these reporters were too blame,  
that so aduans't the maidens name:  
For I assure your Grace quoth he,  
she is as other women be,  
Her beauty of such great report,  
no better then the common sort.  
And farre vnmeet in euery thing,

## Strange Histories. or:

to match with such a noble King.

But though her face be nothing faire,  
yet sith she is her fathers heyre,  
Perhaps some Lord of high degree,  
would very glad her husband be:

And if your Grace would giue consent:

I could my selfe be well content,  
The Damsell for my wife to take,  
for her great land and liuings sake,

The King whom thus he did deceaue,  
incontinent did giue him leaue:

For in that point he did not stand,  
for why he had no need of land.

Then being glad he went his way,  
and wedded straight that Lady gay:

The fayrest creature bearing life,  
had this same Knight vnto his wife.

And by that match of high degree,  
an Earle soone after that was hee:

Ere they long time had married beene:  
others that had her beauty seene:

Her praise was spread both farre and neere,  
the King thereof againe did heare:

Who then in heart did plainely prooue,  
he was betrayed of his loue.

Though therewith he was vexed sore,  
yet seemd he not to grieue therefore:

But kept his countenance good and kinde,



## Songs and Sonnets.

as though he bare no grudge in minde.  
But on a day it came to passe,  
when as the King full merrie was:  
To Ethelwood in sport he said,  
I muse what cheere there should be made  
If to thy house I should resort  
a night or two for Princely sport:  
Hereat the Earle shewed countenance glad  
though in his heart he was full sad;  
And said your Grace should welcome be,  
if so your grace would honor me.  
When as the day appointed was,  
before the King did thither passe.  
The Earle beforehand did prepare,  
the Kings comming to declare:  
And with a countenance passing grim,  
he cald his Lady ynto him.  
Saying with sad and heauy cheere,  
I pray you when the King comes heere,  
Sweete Lady if you tender mee,  
let your attire but homely bee.  
And wash not thou thy Angels face,  
but doe they beauty quite disgrace,  
And to my gesture so apply,  
that may seeme loathsome in his eye,  
For if the King should heere behold,  
thy glorious beauty so extold:  
Then should my life soone shortned bee,

## Strange Histories: or:

for my desert and trechery.

When to thy father first I came,  
though I did not declare the same,  
Yet was put in trust to bring  
thee ioyfull ridings from the King,  
Who for thy glorious beantie seene,  
did thinke of thee to make his Queene,  
But when I had thy beantie found,  
thy beauty gaue me such a wound.

No rest or comfort could I take,  
till your sweete loue my griefe did slake:

And thus though duty charged me,  
most faithfull to our Lord to be,

Yet loue vpon the other side,  
bad for my self I should prouide:

Then to my suit and seruice shoue,  
at length I won thee for my owne.

And for your loue in wedlock spent,  
your choyce I freed no whit repent,

And since my griefe I haue exprest,  
sweete Lady grant me my request:

Good words she gaue with smiling cheare,  
musing at that, that she did heare:

And casting many things in minde,  
great fault therewith she seem'd to finde.

And in her selfe she thought it shame,  
to make that foule which God did frame:

Most costly robes full rich therefore,

## Songs and Sonnets:

in brauest sort that day she wore.  
And did all thinges that ere she might,  
to set her beautie forth to sight  
And her best skill in euery thing,  
she shewed to entertaine the King.

Whereby the King so snared was,  
that reason quite from him did passe:  
His heart by her was set on fire,  
he had to her a great desire,  
And for the lookes he gaue her then,  
for euery one she sent him ten.

Whereby the King perceaued plaine,  
his loue and lookes were not in vaine.

Vpon a time it chanced so,  
the King he would a hunting goe;  
And into Horse-wood he did ride,  
the Earle of Horse-wood by his side.  
And there the storie telleth plaine,  
that with a shaft the Earle was slaine.  
And when that he had lost his life,  
the King soone after tooke his wife.

And married her all shame to shunne;  
by whom he did beget a sonne:  
Thus he which did the King deceaue,  
did by desert his death receaue.  
Then to conclude and make an end,  
be true and faithfull to your friend.

FINIS.

## Strange Histories: or.

Of Edward the third and the faire Countesse of Salisburie,  
setting forth her constancie and  
endlesse glorie.

Cant. .11

**W**hen King Edward the third did liue,  
that valiant King:

Dauid of Scotland to rebell,  
did then begin.

The towne of Barwicke suddenly  
from vs he won:

And burnt Newcastle to the ground,  
thus strife begun.

To Rookes borrow castle marcht he then,  
And by the force of warlike men,

besiedged therein a gallant faire Lady,

While that her husband was in France,

His countries honour to aduance,

the noble and famous Earle of Salisburie.

Braue Sir William Montague,

rode then in post,

Who declared vnto the King,

the Scotchmans hoast,

Who like a Lyon in a rage,

did straight prepare.

For to deliuer that faire Lady

from wofull care.

But when the Scotchmen did heare say,

Edward

## Songs and Sonnets.

Edward our king was come that day.

they rais'd their sledge and ran away with speed,  
So that when he did thither come,  
With warlike trumpets fife and drume,  
none but a gallant Lady did him greete,

Which when he did with greedy eyes,  
beholde and see:

Her pearles beautie straight inthral'd,  
his Maiestie.

And euer the longer that he lookt.  
the more he might,

For in her onely beaurie was,  
his harts delight,

And humbly then vpon her knee,

She thank't his royall Maiestie:

that thus had driuen danger from the gate,

Lady (quoth he) stand vp in peace,

Although my warre doth now increase,

Lord keepe quoth she all hurt from your annoy.

Now is the King full sad in soule,

and wot you why,

All for the loue of the faire countesse,  
of Salisburie,

Shelittle knowing his cause of griefe,  
doth come to see:

Wherefore his highnes sate alone,  
so heauily.

I haue beene wronged faire dame quoth he,

H

Since

Strange Histories. or:

Since I came hither vnto thee,  
now God for bid my Soueraigne she said,  
If I were worthy for to know,  
The cause and ground of this your woe,  
it should be helpt, if it doe lie in me.

Sweare to performe thy words to me,  
thou Lady gay,

To thee the sorow of my heart,

I will bewray

If sweare by all the Saints in heauen,

I will quoth shee:

And let my Lord haue no mistrust,  
at all in mee.

Then take thy selfe aside he said,

And say thy beauty hath betraid,

and wounded a king with thy bright shining eye,

If thou doe then some mercy shew,

Thou shalt expell a princes woe,

so shall I liue or else in sorrow die.

You haue your wish my Soueraigne Lord,  
effectually:

Take all the loue that I may giue,  
your Maiestie,

But in thy beauty all my ioyes,  
haue their abode:

Take then my beauty from my face,  
my gracious Lord.

Didst thou not sweare to graunt vnto my will?

All

## Songs and Sonnets:

All that I may I will fulfill,  
then for my loue let thy true loue be seene  
My Lord your speech I might reprove,  
You can not giue to mee your loue  
for that alone belongs vnto your Queene

But I suppose your grace did this,  
onely to try,  
Whether a wanton tale might tempt,  
dame Salisbury,  
Not from your selfe therefore my liege,  
my steps doe stray:  
But from your tempting wanton tale,  
I goe my way.

O turne againe thou Lady bright,  
Come vnto me my hearts delight,  
gone is the comfort of my penliue heart,  
Here comes the Earle of Warwicke he,  
The father of this faire Lady,  
my minde to him I meane for to impart.

Why is my Lord and soueraigne King,  
so grieu'd in minde:  
Because that I haue lost the thing,  
I cannot finde:

What thing is that my gracious Lord,  
which you haue iost?  
It is my heart which is neere dead,  
twixt fire and frost,

Strange Historics. or:

Curst be that frost, and fire too,  
Which causeth thus your highnes woe,  
O Warwicke thou dost wrong me wondrous sore,  
It is thy Daughter Noble Earle,  
That heauens bright lampe that peereles pearle,  
which kills my heart, yet doe I her adore.

<sup>If</sup> ~~It~~ that be all my gracious king,  
that workes your grieffe,  
I will perswade that scornefull dame,  
to yeeld reliefe.  
Neuer shall she my daughter be,  
if she refuse,  
The loue and fauour of a King,  
may her excuse,  
Thus wylie Warwicke went his way.  
And quite contrarie he did say,  
when as he did the beautious Countesse meete,  
Well met daughter deare quoth hee :  
A message I must doe to thee :  
our Royall king most kindely doth thee greet.

The king will die least thou to him,  
doe graunt thy loue.  
To loue the king my husbands loue,  
I should remooue.

It is true chastitie to loue,  
My daughter deare,  
But not true loue so charitably,  
for to appeare,  
His greatnes may beare out the shame,



## Songs and Sonnets.

But his Kingdome cannot buy out the blame,  
he craues thy loue that may bereaue thy life,  
It is my dutie to vrge thee this  
But not my honestie to yeild I wis,  
I meane to die a true vnspotted wife.

Now hast thou spoke my daughter deare,  
as I would haue :

Chastitie beareth a golden name,  
vnto her graue.

And when vnto thy wedded Lord,  
thou proue vntrue.

Then let my bitier curses still,  
thy soule pursue.

Then with a smiling cheere goe thou,  
As right and reason doth allow.

yet thou the king thou bearest no strumpets minde :

I goe deare father with a trice,

And by a sleight of fine deuise,

He cause the King confesse that I am kinde.

Here comes the Lady of my life,  
the King did say :

My father bids me soueraigne Lord,  
your will obey

And I consent if you will graunt,  
one boone to me.

I graunt it thee my Lady faire,  
what ere it be:

My husband is a liue you know,

Strange Historics: or.

First let me kill him ere I goe,  
and at your commaund I will euer be,  
Thy husband now in France doth rest,  
No no, he lies within my breast,  
and being so nigh he will my fallshood see

With that she started from the king,  
and rooke her knife,  
And desperately she sought to rid,  
her selfe of life:

The king vpstart from his chaire,  
her hand to stay:

O noble king you haue broke your worde,  
with me this day:

Thou shalt not doe this deede quoth he,  
Then will I neuer lie with thee:

no liue thou still and let me beare the blame.

Liue thou in honour and high estate,  
With thy true Lord and wedded mate,  
I neuer will attempt this suite againe.

*The winning of the Ile of Man, by the Noble  
Earle of Salisburie.*

Cant 12.

*To the tune of the Kings going to the Parliament.*

**T**He Noble Earle of Salis bury,  
With many a hardy knight,

Most

## Songs and Sonnets.

Most valiauntly prepar'd himselfe,  
against the Scots to fight.  
With his Speare and his shield.  
making his proud foes for to yeeld,  
Fiercely on them all he ran,  
to driue them from the Ile of man  
Drumes stricking on a row,  
Trumpets sounding as they goe,  
tan ta ra ra tan.

Theire silken Ensignes in the field,  
most gloriously were spred  
The Horsemen on their prauncing Steedes  
strucke many a Scotch-man dead,  
The Browne-bils on their Corstlets ring,  
the bowmen with the Gray-goose whing  
The lustie Launces the piercing Speare,  
the soft flesh of their foes doe teare,  
Drumes stricking on a row.  
Trumpets sounding as they goe,  
tan ta ra ra tan.

The Battell was so fierce and hot,  
the Scots for feare did flie,  
And many a famous knight and Squire,  
in goerie blood did lie.  
Some thinking to escape away,  
did drowne themselues within the sea,  
Some with many a bloudy wound,  
lay gasping on the clayie ground:

Drumes

## Strange Histories: or.

Drumes stricking on a row,  
Trumpets sounding as they goe,  
tan ta ra ra ra tan.

Thus after may a braue exployt,  
that day performd and done,  
The noble Earle of Salisburie,  
the Ile of Man had wonne,  
Returning then most gallantly,  
with honour fame, and victorie,  
Like a Conquerour of fame,  
to Court this warlike Champion came,  
Drumes stricking on a row  
Trumpets sounding as they goe,  
tan ta ra ra ra tan.

Our King reioycing at this act,  
incontinent decreed,  
To giue the Earle this pleasant Ile,  
for his most valiaunt deed,  
And foorthwith did cause him than,  
for to be crowned King of Man,  
Earle of Salisburie.  
and King of Man by dignitie.  
Drumes stricking on a row.  
Trumpets sounding as they go  
tan ta ra ra ra tan:

Thus was the first King of Man,  
that euer bore that name,  
Knight of that princely garter blew,

and

## Songs and Sonnets.

and order of great fame:  
Which braue King Edward did deuise  
and with his person royally  
Knights of the Garter are they cald;  
and eke at Winfor so instald,  
With princely royaltie,  
great fame and dignitie,  
this knight-hood still is held.

FINIS.

Cant. 13.

*Of Venus and Adonis.*

*To the tune of Crimson velvet.*

Venus faire did ride,  
Siluer Doves they drew her  
By the pleasant Lawndes,  
ere the Sunne did rise.  
Vestaes beauty rich,  
opened wide to view her:  
Philomel records  
pleasant harmony:  
Euery Bird of spring,  
Chearefully did sing:  
Papos Goddesse they salute.  
Her loues Queene so faire,

I

Had

## Strange Histories. or:

Had of mirth no care,  
for her sonne had made her mute:  
In her brest so tender,  
He a shaft did render,  
when her eyes beheld a boy:  
Adonis was he named,  
By his mother blamed,  
yet is he now Venus ioy,  
Him alone she meets.  
ready preat for hunting:  
Him she kindly grectes,  
and his iourney staves:  
Him she seekes to kisse,  
no deuices wanting:  
Him her eyes still woo'd,  
him her tongue still prayes:  
He with blushing red,  
Hangeth downe his head,  
not a kisse can he afford:  
His face he turn'd away,  
Silence sayd her nay;  
still she woo'd him for a word,  
Speake (she sayd) thou fairest,  
Beauty, thou impayrest,  
see me, I am pale and wan,  
Louers all adore mee,  
If for loue implore thee:  
christall teares with that downe ran.

Him

## Songs and Sonnets:

Him herewith she forst,  
for to sit downe by her;  
She his necke embrac'd,  
gazing in his face:  
He like one transformed,  
stir'd no looke to eye her:  
Euery Hearbe did woe him,  
growing in that place.  
Each Bird with ditty,  
Prayed him for pittie,  
in behalfe of Beauties Queene,  
Waters gentle murmure  
Craued him to loue his;  
yet no liking could be seene,  
Boy (she sayd) looke on me,  
Still I gaze vpon thee,  
speake I pray thee, my delight,  
Coldly he replyed  
And in brieft denied,  
to bestow on her a sight.  
I am now to young,  
to be wonne by Beauty:  
Tender are my yeares,  
I am yet a bud.  
Fairst thou art (she sayd)  
then it is thy duety,  
Wert thou but a bloome,  
to effect my good:

Strange Histories. or:

Euery beautionous flower,  
Boasteth in my power  
Birds and beastes my lawes effect.  
Mirrha thy faire Mother,  
Most of any other,  
did my louely hefts respect.  
Be with me delighted,  
Thou shalt be required,  
euery Nymph on thee shall tend:  
All the Gods shall loue thee,  
Man shall not reprove thee,  
Ioue himselte shall be thy friend.  
Wend then from me, Venus,  
I am not disposed;  
Thou wringest me too hard,  
pray thee let me goe:  
Fie, what a payne it is,  
thus to be inclosed:  
It loue begin with labour,  
it will end with woe,  
Kisse me, I will leaue,  
Here a kisse receiue,  
A short kisse I doe it finde.  
Wilt thou leaue me so?  
Yet shalt thou not goe,  
breath once more thy balmy winde,  
It smelleth of the Mirth-tree,  
That to the world did bring thee,  
neuer was Perfume more sweete,

When



## Songs and Sonnets.

When she had thus spoken,  
She gaue him a token,  
and their naked bosomes meete

Now (said he lets goe:  
Harke the Hounds are crying,

Grilly Bore is vp,  
Huntsman follow fast,

At the name of Bore,  
Venus seemed dying:

Deadly colour pale,  
Roses ouer cast,

Speake (said she) no more  
Of following the Bore,  
th'art vnfit for such a chase:

Course the fearefull Hare,  
Venison do not spare,  
if thou wilt yeeld to Venus Grace,  
Shunne the Bore I pray thee.

Els I still will stay thee  
herein he vow'd, to please her mind,  
Then her armes enlarged,  
Loth she him discharged,  
foorth she went as swift as winde.

Thetis Phœbus Steedes,  
in the West retayned;

Hunting sport was past:  
she her Loue did seeke.

Sight of him to soone,

## Strange Histories: or,

gentle Queene she gayned:  
On the ground he lay,  
bloud had left each cheek.  
For an orped Swine,  
Smit him in the groyne,  
deadly wound his death did bring,  
Which when Venus found,  
She fell in a fount,  
and awakt her hands did wring.  
Nimphs and Satyres skipping,  
Came together tripping,  
Eccho euery cry exprest:  
Venus by her power,  
Turn'd him to a flower,  
which she weareth in her crest.

*The Rebellion of Wat Tyler and Iacke Straw: with others  
against K. Richard the second.*

Cant 13.

*To the tune of the Miller would a woing ride.*

**V**At Tyler is from darford gan,  
and with him many a proper man,  
And hee a Captaine is become,  
marching in field with Phife and Drumme,  
Iacke Straw, an other in like case,  
from Essex flockes a mighty pace,

Hob

## Songs and Sonnets.

Hob Carter with his strangling traine,  
Iacke Shepara comes with him a maine  
So doth Tom Miller in like sort,  
as if he ment to take some Fort:  
With Bowes and Bils with Speare and Shield  
on Blacke-heath haue they pitcht their Field  
An hundred thousand in all  
whose forch is accounted small:  
And for King Richard did they send;  
much euill to him they did intend  
For the taxe the wich our king  
vpon his Commons then did bring:  
And now because his royall Grace  
denyed to come within their Chafe,  
They spoyled South warke round about  
and tooke the Marshalls Prisoners out  
All those that in the Kings bench lay,  
at libertie they set that day.  
And they marcht with one consent,  
through London with a lewd intent,  
And for to fire their lewd desire,  
they set the Sauoy all on fire,  
And for the hate that they did beare  
vnto the duke of Lancastere,  
Therefore his house they burned quite:  
throuh enuie malice and despight  
Then to the Temple did they turne:  
the Lawyeres Bookes they did burne:

And

## Strange Histories: or.

And spoyle their Lodgings one by one  
and all they could lay hand vpon  
Then vnto Smithfield did they hie,  
to Saint Iones Place that stands thereby,  
And set the same on fire flat.  
which burned seauen dayes after that.  
Vnto the Tower of London then,  
fast trooped these rebellious men,  
And hauing entred soone the same,  
with hidious cryes and mickle shame,  
The graue Lord Chauncelor thence they tooke,  
amaz'd with fearefull pitious lookē,  
The Lord high Treasurer likewise they,  
tooke from that place that present day:  
And with their hooping lowd and thrill  
strooke off their heads on Tower hill.  
Into the Cittie came they then,  
like rude disorderd franticke men.  
They rob'd the Churches euery where.  
and put the Priestes in deadly feare.  
Into the Counters then they get,  
where men in prison lay for debt:  
They broke the doores and let them out  
and threw the Counter Eokes about.  
Tearing and spoiling them each one,  
and Records all they light vpon.  
The doores of Newgate broke they downe,  
that Prisoners ran about the towne:

Forcing

## Songs and Sonnets.

Forcing all the Smiths they meete,  
to knocke the Irons from their feete,  
And then like Villaines void of awe,  
following Wat Tylor and lacke Straw.  
And though this outrage was not small,  
the King gaue pardon to them all,  
So they would part home quietly:  
but they his pardon did defie  
And being all in Smithfield then.  
euen threescore thousand fighting men  
Which there Wat Tyler then did bring,  
of purpose for to meete our King.  
And therewithall his royall Grace,  
sent Sir Iohn Newton to that place,  
Vnto Wat Tyler willing him,  
to come and speake with our young King  
But the proud Rebelle in despight,  
did picke a quarrell with the Knight.  
The Maior of London being by,  
when he beheld this vilainie,  
Vnto Wat Tyler rode he then,  
being in mid<sup>d</sup> of all his men :  
Saying Traytor yeeld tis best,  
in the Kings name I thee arrest,  
And there with to his Dagger start,  
and thrust the Rebelle to the heart:  
Who falling dead vnto the ground,  
the same did all the Hoast confound:

K

And

## Strange Histories: or:

And downe they threw their weapons all:  
and humbly they for pardon call:  
Thus did that proud Rebellion cease,  
and after followed a ioyfull peace.

FINIS.

Cant 14.

*A Lovers wonder.*

**I**Muse how I can liue and lacke my heart:  
Without my heart yet do I liue, and loue:  
Louing the wound that procureth my smart  
And hartlesse liue in hopes forlorne be hoofe,  
And on this hope, my haplesse fancy feedeth,  
And with this wound my hartlesse bodie bleedeth.

I muse how I can see and yet am blinde:  
Blinded I am, yet see, and sigh to see,  
I sigh to see my Mistres so vnkinde,  
And see no meanes my sighing sore to free,  
Vnkindly blindnes thus doth aye dismay me,  
Since that vntime ly sight did first betray me.

But when my sight shall see two hearts in one.  
Both linke in loue, to liue in others brest.  
Then shall no wound procure my sighs of mone,  
But hearts returne procure my happy rest: (me,  
No blindnes; sore, or sigh; no wound shall grieue  
But hope, and life, and loue relieue me.

FINIS,

The

## Songs and Sonnets:

Cant 15.

*The Louer by gifts thinkes to conquer Chastity,  
And with his gifts sends these verses to his Lady.*

**W**Hat face so faire, that is not crackt with gold?  
What wit so worth, but hath in gold his wonder  
What learning, but with golden lines doth hold;  
What state so high, but gold will bring it vnder?  
What thought so sweete, but gold doth bitter season  
And what rule better, then a golden reason?

The ground is fat, that yeeldes a golden fruite:  
The studie high, that fits the golden state:  
The labour sweete, that gets the golden sute:  
The loue reckoning rich, that scornes the golden rate  
The loue is sure, that golden hope doth hold,  
And rich againe, that serues the God of Gold.

FINIS.

K 2

A

## Strange Histories. or:

*A new Dialogue betweene Troylus and Cressida.*

Cant 16.

*To the tune of, Lasarante.*

*Troylus*

**T**Here is no pleasure voide of paine,  
faire Lady now I see:  
Fell Fortune doth my state disdaine,  
the frowning fates agree,  
To banish my pleasure and that without measure,  
away  
That woe is me, that euer I see,  
This dolefull dismall day.

*Cressida*

What is the cause my Troylus true,  
of this thy inward smart?  
What motions do thy minde molest  
what paines doe pearce thy heart?  
Then shew I request thee, what grieve doth molest  
so neare: (thee  
I am thy ioy, thou prince of Troy,  
Thy loue and Lady deare.

*Troylus*

The Greekes we sent Embassads  
by meanes of father thine:  
To craue a pledge for prisoners,

in



## Songs and Sonnets:

in most vnhappy time,  
And as they demaunded counsell hath granted  
euen so :

O greefe to heare, my Lady deare,  
For Authenor must go.

*Cressida*

Although the same accorded be,  
yet banisht care away,  
For what the King commands we see,  
the subiects must obey .  
Then let it not grieue thee, but rather relieue thee  
from paine :

Sith that I may in halfe a day,  
Come vnto Troy againe.

*Troilus*

The nearer that thou shalt remaine,  
the more twill breed my spight  
When I shall see an other obtaine,  
the thing that is my right.  
The Greekes will flatter, and tell thee much matter,  
and say :

The towne of troy they will destroy,  
Ere they depart away .

*Cressida.*

You know the talke doth dayly run,  
as likely it will be,  
While truce is held the Greekes will come,  
with Troyans to agree :

Strange Histories: or.

And they with Queene Hellen will quickly be  
away (winding

Then presently my father and I.  
Will come to our friends in Troy,

*Troilus.*

Now sith thy father Calcas hath,  
so foolishly lost his name:  
Hedares no more approach the walles,  
of Troy for very shame,

But he will thinke rather King Priam my father  
indeed

Should him reward without regard,  
And giue him a traitors meede.

*Cressida.*

In vaine these words we do but waste,  
since so it is decreed:

That Anthenor must here be plaste,  
and I for him proceed:

What would you desire, your father a lyer  
to be;

Then shew your minde what way could you find  
To hinder the Greekes of me.

*Troilus.*

Alas my lone Cressida cleare.

you know you haue my heart  
And if thou fauourest me my deare,  
then let vs both depart:

In secret manner away we must wander,

from

## Songs and Sonnets.

from Troy:

For fathers lye, I passe not a flye,  
So I may haue my ioy.

*Cressida.*

Now God forbid my onely Lord,  
thou shouldst vs so defame:  
In such a sort to blemish and blot,  
our honour and our good name,  
The world will heereafter, declare Calcas daughter,  
vntrue

And they will say you ran away,  
For feare of the Grecian crue,

*Troilus.*

What need you passe for peoples report,  
or ought that they can say:

So I may passe the time in sport,  
with thee my Lady gay.

If Greekes should attaine thee; they soone would  
to yeeld: (constraine thee

And Calcas he would sooner agree,  
For feare of their force in field.

*Cressida.*

Nay rather marke my Troilus true,  
what meanes I minde to frame:

How I may keepe my promise due,  
and garde vs both from blame.

With Grecians together, I meane to ride thither  
but you:

Ere

Strange Histories: or.

Ere five dayes twaine shall see me againe,  
As I am a Lady true.

*Troilus.*

Alas my Loue and Diamond deare,  
what wayes could you deuise:  
To blind their sights that be so cleare,  
and wits that are so wise,  
If ten dayes they keepe you, they will shame to seeke  
be sure: you

Then Troilus I in dolor must dye,  
Past hope of any recure.

*Cressida.*

He is not worthy for to haue,  
a Lady to his loue:  
That for her sake will not vouchsafe,  
some bitter paine to proue.  
If ten dayes absenting you cannot be willing  
to take:

Then would you sure, small paines indure,  
for your false Ladyes sake.

*Troilus.*

For ten dayes space to loose thy sight,  
would grieue my heart full sore,  
Yet for thy sake my Lady bright,  
I would bide ten times more.

But thus much I feare mee, the Greeke will deceiue  
alone: (thee,

Then Troilus he forgotten shall be,

As

## Songs and Sonnets:

As one that had neuer beene borne,

*Cressida.*

It hen perceiue thy Lady and loue,  
thou doost full sore mistrust:

What doe you thinke the Greekes could moue,  
to make me proue vniust?

Nay then I desire the Gods with wilde fire,  
and flame:

Consume me may without delay,  
Or put me to greater shame.

*Troilus.*

I doe not thinke my iewell of ioy,  
thou wouldst be found vntrue:

But at thy parting out of Troy,  
to giue thee warning due,

Remember thy promise, thy faith and assurance,  
to me:

And thou shalt see, that I will be,  
As trusty a Knight to thee.

*Cressida.*

The Sunne shall want his burning armes,  
the Moone shall loose her light:

And Simois with her siluer streames,  
that runs through Troy so bight

Shall backward be turning, where first it was spring-  
again.

(ing

Ere I to thee vnfaithfull will be,  
Or faile of my promise so plaine.

L

Another

## Strange Histories. or:

Another.

And thus at last they parted both,  
vnto their griefe and paine,  
But Cressida the brake her oath,  
she neuer came againe,  
But as she deserued, so God he rewarded  
her pride:  
For shee full poore, from doore to doore,  
A loathsome Leper dy'de.

When Troylus did perceiue and see,  
his Lady was vntrue:  
And that she false rendered had,  
to diomed his due.  
With heart distressed, himselfe he addressed  
to fight:  
Through her disdain there was he slaine,  
By fierce Achilles might.

FINIS.

Cant 17.

*The Gentle womans reply.*

**B**Vlmes haue tops, but the Cedar higher,  
A haire casts shadow lesse then Pharoes tower:  
The sparkes haue heat but greater heat the fire :

**A**

## Songs and Sonnets:

A Bee can sting, not like the Scorpions power:  
Seas haue maine course, & flouds haue little springs  
(foords,  
Rough are deepe Seas, when smooth run shallow  
The lacke makes noyse before the Diall moues,  
The firmest Faith is still confirm'd with words,  
The Turtles mourne in losing of their Loues,  
If hearts haue eares and eyes then tongue to speake,  
They'le heare, and see, and say before they breake.

FINIS.

Cant 18.

*The Lovers thanks to his beloved, sent and inclosed  
in a Cockle shell.*

S Weete loue, the sweete despoyles of sweetest hand  
Faire hand the fairest pledge of faithfull heart  
True heart, whose truth yeeldeth the truest band,  
Chiefe band ( I say ) that binds my chiefest part:  
My chiefest part wherein doth chiefly stand,  
Those secret ioyes which heauen to me impartes,  
Vnite in one my state thus still to saue,  
You haue my thanks, let me your comfort haue.

FINIS.

## Strange Histories. or:

*A new Sonnet made by a Maiden in praise of her Lover,  
in whose truth and constancy she doth  
trumphe.*

Cant 19.

*To the tune of Crimson Velvet.*

WElcome be the dayes,  
of my loue and liking,  
Venus must I praise,  
for her fauours showne,  
Where I set my heart,  
well it is rewarded:  
Neuer will I start,  
for I am his owne,  
Like the Diamond pure so will I endure,  
neuer will I giue, while that I doe liue  
from my loue his proper right:  
Faithfull shall he find me,  
As true loue doth binde me,  
so my promise I haue past,  
What in words I vowed,  
In my heart, I allowed,  
be true while life doth last,  
If I doe respect.

fauour



## Songs and Sonnets.

fauour and affection,  
Needs I must affect,  
such a proper man,  
If I way his wit,  
or his braue behauiour,  
Pallas seemes to sit,  
all his deeds to scan,  
All the prudent sort, may full well report,  
what in him they doe behold:  
Nature and the rest seated in his brest,  
all the graces crownd with gold,  
Troylus may be stained,  
Priamusa hamed,  
to behold his constancy:  
Many sitteth sorry,  
Onely I may glory,  
of my happy destiny.  
If that Hellen faire,  
for her wanton Paris:  
Did not trauell spare,  
to possesse his sight:  
Setting quite aside,  
both her fame and honour:  
For the beauties pride,  
of that gallant knight.  
Bringing vnto Troy, sorrow and annoy,  
by a long and weary warre  
So that Priams reed may well rue the dead:

Strange Histories: or:

that did cause so great a iarre.  
Well may I with pleasure,  
For my ioyfull treasure,  
Suffer paines and hard distresse,  
Seeing loue and honour,  
Doth aduance their banner,  
ioyfull of my good successe. :

Flora sitteth sweete,  
in her gallant coulour,  
Ready for to greete, Ceres doth present,  
gifts of store and plenty,  
Hearts ease and content.  
grant a blessed end

All the Muses nine, with their musicke fine  
doth delight our sweete desire:  
Cupid he doth dance, fortune, feare and chance,  
doth his company repaire,  
All the Gods together,  
Hand in hand comes thither,  
honoring our mariage day,  
Himen standeth watching,  
For your happy matching;  
In her golden rich aray.

All you louers true,  
shew your ioy and gladnesse,  
Take a pleasant view,  
of my sweet delight,  
In your dainty songs,

found

## Songs and Sonnets.

Sound my louers peaisles,  
Set aside the wrongs  
of each wofull wight.  
On your liuely Lutes, shew the braue disputes,  
that contented Louers binde,  
Laud the faithfull heart, that Will neuer start,  
gratifie the gentle minde,  
Say that men are treasure,  
Say that men are pleasure,  
Say that men are womens ioyes  
Wherefoere you mooue it,  
I my selfe will proue it:  
Gainst the maides that are most coy.

Venus riding forth,  
Valewing the worth,  
Of my peerelesse praise  
From her gallant Coach,  
sodainely she leaped:  
Sweetely to Paradice,  
Flowers faire of hue, pleasant as they grew,  
did she gather speedily:  
Roses white and red, which the spring had spred,  
on the branches franke and free,  
Garlands thereof making,  
Gilliflowers taking,  
to adorne my Loters head,  
Strewing hearbes most dainty,  
Brought she also plenty,

where-

## Strange Histories: or,

wherewithall the streetes she spread.  
Well I may reioyce,  
and triumph in pleasure,  
Lifting vp my voyce,  
to the lofty skies:  
Iuno hath ordaind,  
welfare to my fancy,  
My desire is gaind,  
which may well suffice,  
Maydens faire and free hearken vnto me,  
loue where you are loued againe:  
Be not coy and nice, if that you be wise,  
mischiefe followes fond disdaine,  
Try and prooue your fauour;  
Men of good behauiour,  
so will I for euer say,  
Such as doe deceiue you.  
Knaues they are I tell you,  
men they are not any way.

*A Loner bewailing the absence of his Loue*

Cant 20.

*To the tune of Where is the life that late.*

**Y**OU louing wormes that linked be,  
in Cupids clogging chaine,  
Behold I poore and silly man,  
lye languishing in paine

Come

## Songs and Sonnets:

Come helpe with dolefull tunes,  
to waile my wofull state,  
And blame me not sith worthily,  
I curse my cruell Fate,  
Ah wo is me what hap,  
what hatefull hap haue I,  
Sith I am seuered thus from her,  
that loues me tenderly.

Dame fortune brought me to a stand,  
where I espied a Dame:  
That doth deserue to be beloued,  
the world will say the same,  
Whom when at first I saw,  
so well she pleas'd mine eye:  
That fancy wild me yeeld my selfe,  
with her to liue and dye,  
And then the blinded boy,  
so grac'd me with his glee:  
That with a dart he wounded her,  
and forc'd her yeeld to me.

Dame pleasure in a moment then,  
gaue way to our repuest.  
And we enioy'd but ah not long,  
the thing which we likt best:  
For as the Summers day,  
at length comes to an end,  
So he became our enemy,  
that whilom was our friend,

M

The

Strange Histories. or:

The while that we posselt,  
our pastime was but small,  
For when I cald for Ipocras.  
the drawer brought me gall,  
God knowes the griefe my soule susteines,  
for her that is my deere:  
For since I saw my sweeting last,  
I thinke it twentie yeere,  
When I should walke abroad,  
to spend the light some day,  
Huge heapes of care molest my minde,  
for her that is away.  
When darke some night drawes on,  
to bed with teares I goe,  
And If I chance to sleepe a while,  
it doubleth then my woe.  
Or when I walke I doe perceiue,  
my choyse to be away:  
Remembring oft in folded armes,  
how we full sweetely lay,  
Then rush forth sighing sobbes,  
then, then, renewes my care:  
I tosse and turne and tumble then,  
and mad-men like I fare,  
No world, nor wordly things,  
my sorrowes can appease:  
Vntill mine eies shed streames of teares,  
and then I finde some ease.

Then

## Songs and Sonnets:

Then rose I vp as one forlorne,  
and leaue my restles bed:  
A thousand firs of fancies then,  
torment my troubled head.  
Each morning doe I pray,  
the Gods vpon my knee,  
That I may neuer sheepe againe  
if fates would so decree:  
Then put I on my clothes,  
as one bereft of ioy,  
And curse and ban most bitterly,  
the meanes of mine annoy.  
When I for sport should trudge abroad,  
the fearefull Hare to traile:  
Which was sometime my most delight,  
then gin my senses faile.  
When I should eate or drinke.  
my nature to sustaine:  
The meate receiu'd will not digest,  
but turneth backe againe.  
Then thinke I in my minde,  
all hope of helpe is past.  
And oft I say vnto my selfe,  
would God this were my last.  
You youthfull lads that know not yet,  
the force of Cupids dart;  
Beware and wise, retire in time,  
for feare of further harme,

## Strange Histories. or:

Consider well the end,  
before you ought begin :  
And then you may your selues assure,  
to finde no lacke therein,  
Before you snared be,  
to flye you may be bold.  
But sure resistance will not serue,  
when once you are in hold.

The valiant souldier when he doth,  
addresse him to the field :  
Doth rather with fame to dye,  
then either flye or yeeld,  
Euen so my faithfull heart,  
doth sicknesse so detest.  
Liue or dye I will not change,  
while breath is in my breast.  
If I were sure to be  
of Gods and men accurst,  
Yet I will neuer change my choise,  
let fortune do her worst.

## FINIS.

A





## Songs and Sonnets.

### A Speech betweene certaine Ladies being Shepheards on Salisbury plaine.

**T**Ruly (said the Ladies) this was a most hardy and courageous Mayor, that durst in the midst of so mighty a multitude of his enemies, arrest so impudent and bold a Traytor, and kill him in the face of all his friends: which was a deepe worthy to be had in everlasting memory, and highly to bee rewarded. Nor did his Maiesty forget (said the Lady Oxenbridge) to dignifie that brave man for his hardy deepe for in remembrance of that admired exploit his Maiestie made him knight of 5. Aldermen more of the city: ordaining also that in remembrance of Sir William Walworthes deepe against Wat Tyler, that all the Mayors that are to succeed in his place should bee knighted: and further hee graunted that there should bee a Dagger added to the Armes of the city of London in the right quarter of the shield, for an augmentation of the Armes.

You haue told vs (q. the Ladies) the end of Wat Tyler. But I pray you what became of Iack Straw and the rest of that rebellious route? I will shew you (quoth she) Iack Straw with the rest of that rude rabble, being in the end apprehended (as Rebels neuer flourish long) was at the last brought to be executed at London, where he confessed that their intent (was if they could haue brought their most wilde purpose to passe) to haue murdered the King and his nobles, and to haue destroyed (so neare as they could) all the Gentility of the land, hauing especially vowed the death of all the Bishops Abbots, and Monkes: then to haue enriched themselves: they determined to set London on fire, and to haue taken spoyle of that honorable cittie, but the gallows standing betwixt them and home, they

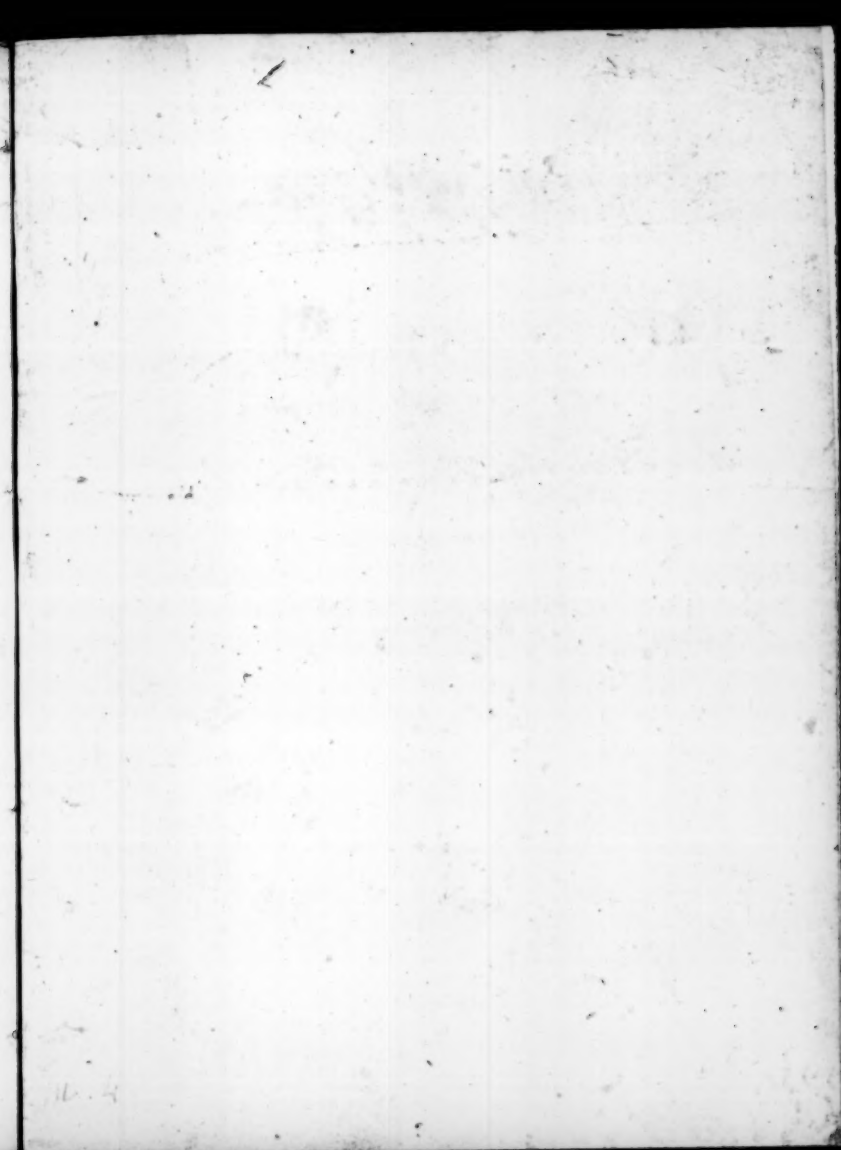
## Strange Histories: or.

were there trust up before they could effect any thing. And such ends (said the Ladies) send all Rebels, and especially the desperate Traytor, which at this present vext the whole state.

With that word one of their servants came running, saying, Madam, the Rebels are now marched out of Wiltshire & Hampshire, making hasty steps towards London, therefore now you neede not feare to come home, and commit the flockes to their former keepers. The Ladies being ioyfull thereof appointed shortly after a banquet to be prepared, where they all met together againe: by which time the Kings power (having encountered the Rebels on Blackebath) overthrew their power, where the Lord Awdly was taken and committed to Newgate, from thence he was drawne to the tower-hill in a Coate of his owne Armes painted vpon a paper, reuerfed and all to torne, and there was he beheaded the 24. of Inne, & shortly after Thomas Flammocke and Michael Ioseph the Blacke smith were drawne hanged and quartered after the manner of Traytors. But when the husbands to these faire Ladies came home and heard how their wives had dealt to saue themselves in this dangerous time they could not chuse but hartily laugh at the matter, saying that such sleepers neuer kept sleepe vpon Salisbury plaine before.

# FINIS.





Rich. Nagels Cynthia.  
Containing Virguls, Sonnets, Madrigals  
to passionate intercourses, describing  
his repudiate affections expressed  
in Locks own Language.

Non ad imitandum, sed ad precavendum  
Disce ex me.

London

Printed by T. P. for Henric Tomes. 1604.

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